

The BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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When Phil Gregory Learned His Lesson

BY FREDERICK E. BURNHAM

"KEEP your boys out of this yard, Jake," growled Phil Gregory, speaking to Jake Comstock, fireman on the shifter at Randolph Junction. "One or both of them are going to get killed some day. I have spoken to you a number of times about it, but it don't seem to do any good. If you don't keep them out I'm going to make a report of it to the company."

"Huh! I could do a little reporting myself if I chōse," retorted Comstock, an angry flush on his cheeks. "I haven't forgotten the day you failed to throw back the switch to the siding. You did some running that day, eh? You didn't have many seconds to spare before the limited pounded by."

"That's right, Jake," replied Phil, coloring. "I made a bad slip that day and I admit it. But to come back to your boys, it isn't right for you to allow them the run of the yard here and you know it. It has got to be stopped. Won't you put your foot down and see to it that they keep away from the railroad?"

"Well, seeing that you talk to me that way I'll do my best to put a stop to it," replied Jake in a mollified tone. "I'll tell you now, though, that it starts my dander when you begin to threaten. Here, Phil, give us your flipper."

For a month or more Jake's two boys, aged twelve and thirteen years respectively, kept away from the railroad yard. The day came, however, that they showed up again, but Phil did not see them until, well, until a caboose rolled rapidly by the station on a heavy grade siding. Terrified screams caused him to wheel in his revolving-chair there in the ticket-office, and through the window he caught a glimpse of Jake's boys, who were standing on the rear platform clinging to the guard rail.

Phil sprang to his feet and dashing out of the station, started in pursuit of the runaway caboose, but he had not taken fifty steps when he became cognizant of the fact that the chase was hopeless. It was about that time that the caboose shot out onto the main line and then it dawned upon him that he had made another blunder—had failed to throw the switch some twenty minutes previous when Number 604, the morning freight, eastbound, pulled out with the half dozen

loaded freight-cars which it had picked up there at the junction.

For one awful moment Phil stood staring after the fleeing car, and then he turned and ran toward the round-house where Jake was oiling up his engine. When he arrived he found a good head of steam up, the escaping of the surplus steam without doubt having drowned the frantic cries of the two boys.

"What's the hurry?" queried Jake, looking up as Phil bounded up to the engine.

"Out onto the main line as quick as you can!" yelled Phil. "Your boys are headed down the line on a caboose!"

Jake dropped his oil-can and leaped into the cab, followed by Phil. Although only

Phil and Jake caught sight of the fleeing caboose, then perhaps a half mile distant, the rounding of a curve in the road disclosing it. Jake opened the throttle another notch. During the ensuing two minutes neither Phil nor Jake spoke. It was not until the shifter had cut down the lead to less than half a dozen rods that the spell was broken.

"Make it even with the front platform, Jake, and hold your engine there!" cried Phil hoarsely. "I can make it!"

Jake said not a word in reply. His jaws set, his eyes glued to the narrowing ribbon of steel, he urged his engine on and on. The time came that the engine glided past the rear platform of the ca-



"MAKE IT EVEN WITH YOUR FRONT PLATFORM, JAKE, AND HOLD YOUR ENGINE THERE"

Drawing by Richard W. Pierce

the fireman, he knew how to run his engine practically as well as his engineer. The round-house being on the station side of the double-tracked main line, access to the west-bound track meant the throwing of but one switch, and as the engine neared that switch Phil jumped from the cab and running ahead, threw it.

"Let her out, Jake! Let her out!" he cried an instant later as he again mounted to the cab. "We've got a clear road for twenty-five miles. Nothing west-bound until after twelve o'clock."

Jake blindly obeyed. Opening up the throttle, it was less than two minutes before the engine was pounding over the rails at express speed. It was down-grade for nearly ten miles to Springvale station, and such being the case, both Phil and Jake knew that already the runaway car must have gained terrific headway.

Two miles out from the Junction both

boose, and as it passed Jake turned his head for one second. "Hang on! Hang on!" he yelled to his two cowering boys.

Phil moved over from the left of the cab and lowered himself to the iron step. Then the cab was within five or six feet of the front end of the caboose. Inch by inch that interval was being closed up. "When the time comes, Jake, give me your hand!" commanded Phil.

Jake slid off the seat and a moment later was standing directly behind Phil. His left hand on the throttle, his eyes still fastened upon that ribbon of steel, his right hand sought Phil's right. Now his mouth was half open, but no sound came from it.

"Now!" shouted Phil.

The grip of Jake's right hand tightened on Phil's right, and loosing his hold on the throttle, he caught hold of the hand-rail leading to the cab. Slowly did Phil swing out from the side of the cab, out,

out until his left hand gripped the forward rail leading to the caboose platform. Then he made the long step from cab to caboose, and an instant later, Jake letting go his right hand, Phil mounted to the platform. Seizing the brake-wheel, he began to pull in on it, and the while Jake kept his engine abreast.

"Twist the brake, Phil! Twist it home!" howled Jake in a delirium of joy, now that his tongue was loosed at last, and the while he eased up a bit on the throttle. "Bully for you, Phil! Bully for you!"

And Phil certainly did "twist the brake." Inch by inch he tightened it up, and the lessened momentum told him that the brake-shoes were gripping and gripping hard.

It was all of half a mile that the caboose covered after the first application of the brake ere Phil brought the runaway car to a standstill. Then the caboose was close to a siding, and jumping down he ran ahead and threw the switch. It was but a moment or two before he was back, and easing up on the brake, he allowed the car to roll in off the main line. The switch turned once more, he beheld for the first time Jake, his arms thrown about his two boys.

"Do your crying, Jake, when you get back to the yard," growled Phil, but there was a break in his own voice which told how very close to crying he was himself.

Mechanically Jake assisted his boys up into the cab, and then climbed up himself, followed by Phil an instant later. "Make it lively back to the Junction, Jake," commanded Phil. "There's two open switches back there which I am responsible for."

Not a word spoke Jake, Junction-bound. Grimly he watched the road ahead, his face drawn and haggard. It was not until the engine rolled in onto the siding that he spoke. "Go home!" he commanded, turning to his two boys. "Stay there!" he added tersely.

When Phil had returned from the turning of the two switches Jake, his frame shaken with sobs, placed his hands upon Phil's shoulders and said, "Phil, how did you come to do it?"

"Jake, I—I don't know how I came to forget that switch," replied Phil.

"Hang it all, I don't mean that!" snorted Jake. "How did you come to risk your life for—for my boys?"

"Huh! That was about the easiest thing I ever did in my life, Jake," laughed Phil. "All I had to do was step across and I was there. The hard part was what you did—gauge the speed of your engine to that of the caboose. I guess we were making about fifty miles an hour, but with the speed the same, it was like stepping from the platform to a stationary train."

"I—I guess my boys have learned their lesson," said Jake huskily.

"And I have learned mine," declared Phil, swallowing hard.

Such, indeed, proved to be the case.

Fancy Free

BY MARJORIE DILLON

A MERRY traveler I'll be,
And sail at will the tossing sea;
From mountain peaks to desert sands,
I'll make new friends in many lands.

From northern snows to southern isles,
I'll journey many wondrous miles,
By motor, boat, or racing train,
By camel, pony, 'rickshaw, plane.

Another Crusoe, if I please,
I'll gather breakfast from the trees—
Exploring strange and distant nooks,
And then I'll write some clever books.

Oh, north and south, and east and west,
I journey where I'm happiest!
It doesn't cost a cent, you see,—
Because my fancy travels free!

Hidden Treasures

BY GERTRUDE WINHAM FIELDER

LARGE flakes of snow were swirling through the air, when Uncle Jack suddenly popped his head in at the living-room door and cried,

"Phyllis, Paul. What say you to a picnic on Pine Island?"

"Why, Uncle Jack Dean," exclaimed Phyllis, "we don't have picnics in the winter."

"It's high time we started the fashion, then," returned Uncle Jack.

"But, Pine Island is way, way off, miles and miles," demurred Paul, "you have to go on a big boat, then a little one, then—"

"No, sir-ee, never a boat," interrupted Uncle Jack, "at least not to my Pine Island. Anyone here want to come?"

"I do," cried Phyllis.

"I do," cried Paul.

"Ho, ho," laughed Uncle Jack, "not afraid of the snow, hey?"

"No, no," came in a cheerful duet.

"That's the way to talk," said Uncle Jack. "Hand me your handkerchiefs, please."

Phyllis immediately produced a dainty pink bordered one, but Paul, after going through both trousers pockets and four jacket pockets, announced, "Haven't any."

"Here, take mine, old man," said his uncle, binding a snowy one across Paul's eyes as he spoke.

Paul, whose chief desire was to be brave like Uncle Jack, did not question this move, but Phyllis, wiggling and giggling, asked,

"Why are you blindfolding us, Uncle Jack?"

"So that you may not see the hard and devious road we travel," answered Uncle Jack in a hoarse whisper, grasping a child by each hand. "Come, let us be gone, if we the hidden treasures would unearth while it be day."

"Treasures?" cried Phyllis, clinging tightly to the big hand.

"Treasures?" echoed Paul, hopping up and down on one foot.

"Aye, treasures," answered Uncle Jack.

"But where are the hidden treasures?" asked Phyllis eagerly.

"On Pine Island, of course," replied Uncle Jack. "Don't you always find treasures on Pine Island?"

"Oh, let's hurry," cried Paul.

"I said the road was hard and devious," reminded Uncle Jack, "we have a long way to go with many a boulder in the path, and a steep hill to climb. Ah, here's the first rock."

"It's a rock—ing chair," said Phyllis, "and you're taking us round and round the room."

"Now we're in the hall," declared Paul. "I know by the feel of the floor, and now we're going upstairs."

"The stairs are the steep hill," exclaimed Phyllis.

The next thing Phyllis and Paul knew they were being whirled round and round. The next, they were being held high in the air, then slowly lowered, down, down, down.

"I went up in an aeroplane and came down with a bump," cried Phyllis.

"So did I too," said Paul.

"One, two, three," chanted Uncle Jack. With the word three, off came the handkerchiefs.

"Oh, oh, oh," breathed Phyllis, blinking her eyes.

"Oh, oh, oh," echoed Paul. Paul's eyes were blinking too.

On the table in Uncle Jack's den, for that is where the journey had ended, stood the dearest little pine-tree, every needle perky and shining.

"It looks just like a darling little Christmas tree," exclaimed Phyllis.

"Ho, ho," laughed Paul. "We had our Christmas tree 'most two months ago."

"I'd just as soon have another, wouldn't you?" Phyllis was laughing now.

"Suppose," said Uncle Jack softly, "you never had had even one Christmas tree in all your whole life. What then?"

"Why, Uncle Jack, everybody has a Christmas tree," said Phyllis and Paul together.

"No, not everybody," replied Uncle Jack.

"Everybody I know does," said Phyllis.

"Everybody I know does," echoed Paul.

"Not everybody I know does," said Uncle Jack. "I wonder if you both would like to help me trim this little tree for—"

"We'd love it," interrupted Phyllis.

"Where's the tinsel and presents?" demanded Paul, standing very erect.

"Seems as if there ought to be something behind all these rocks and trees and bushes," said Uncle Jack, his eyes twinkling as he looked about the room.

"That's what you meant by hidden treasures," cried Phyllis suddenly. "May we hunt just anywhere, Uncle Jack?"

"Behind every rock and tree and bush," replied Uncle Jack merrily.

Almost before he finished speaking, Paul and Phyllis were darting around the room.

"Treasures, treasures," cried Phyllis, holding up a white woolly lamb which

she had found snuggled down behind a bush, as she called a big green chair. "Is the somebody a baby, Uncle Jack?"

"H'm. I'll leave that for you to guess," replied Uncle Jack.

"I guess it's a boy," cried Paul at that moment, displaying a jack-knife. "The tree's for a boy, isn't it, Uncle Jack?"

"Yes," answered Uncle Jack.

"Oh," said Phyllis, "look at this darling dolly I found. No boy would want a doll. The tree is for a girl, isn't it, Uncle Jack?"

"Yes," answered Uncle Jack.

"Why, Uncle Jack, you said it was for a boy," exclaimed Paul in surprise.

"How can it be for a boy, didn't you just hear Uncle Jack say it was for a girl?" demanded Phyllis.

Right here Uncle Jack threw back his head and indulged in a hearty laugh.

"It's for a boy and a girl," cried Phyllis and Paul in a cheerful duet.

With a laugh lingering in his eyes, Uncle Jack held up three fingers.

"Three children," said Paul.

"A boy, a girl and a baby," said Phyllis.

"Righto," said Uncle Jack.

"And we've found one present apiece," said Paul. "Come on, Phyllis, and find some more. Guess I'll look under this—this boat," disappearing under the couch.

"I'm going to hunt in the cave," said Phyllis, going into Uncle Jack's clothes closet.

Under the make-believe boat, Paul found a real boat, its tiny sails all set, while from the depths of the cave, Phyllis produced a box of colored crayons, tinsel and a number of gay balls.

Nothing more was found for some time. Finally, Phyllis discovered a picture book under a pile of seaweed, the seaweed being a Navajo blanket, while Paul unearthed a singing top from the sand, as he called the ashes in the grate.

Phyllis found the next two treasures, a rattle and a kitten made of rubber, that mewed, behind the tree (hat tree) while Paul found three large pink lollypops down by the side of a big rock (rocking chair).

If the hunting for hidden treasures was great fun so was the trimming of the little pine tree.

"Uncle Jack, do please tell us about the three children whom it is for," begged Phyllis, tying a lollypop to the tip end of a perky little branch.

"Their names are Sissie and Buddie and Twinkle, at least that's all I have ever heard them called," replied Uncle Jack.

"How funny," said Phyllis. "Twinkle's the baby, I 'spose."

Uncle Jack nodded. "A fat black baby girl," he said.

"Oh," said Phyllis. "Then Buddie and Sissie are little black children, too."

Uncle Jack shook his head. "No, Buddie and Sissie are little white children."

"Where do they live?" queried Phyllis.

"Not more than a mile from here," re-

plied Uncle Jack. "There, the tree is pretty well loaded, isn't it? Think it would ride safely in the automobile if you and Phyllis sat one on either side and held on to it?"

"Sure," said Paul.

"Uncle Jack Dean," said Phyllis, "Buddie and Sissie and Twinkle are three little children that have just come to the Orphanage."

"Why, of course, certainly," returned Uncle Jack. "Can you be ready in five minutes?"

"Sure," said Paul, but Phyllis cocked her head on one side and looked critically at the tree.

"I see a place where I could tie on one

of my lovely Christmas hair ribbons for Sissie," she said.

Paul gave Phyllis a quick look, then, "Here's a place where my animal game would go for Bud," said Paul.

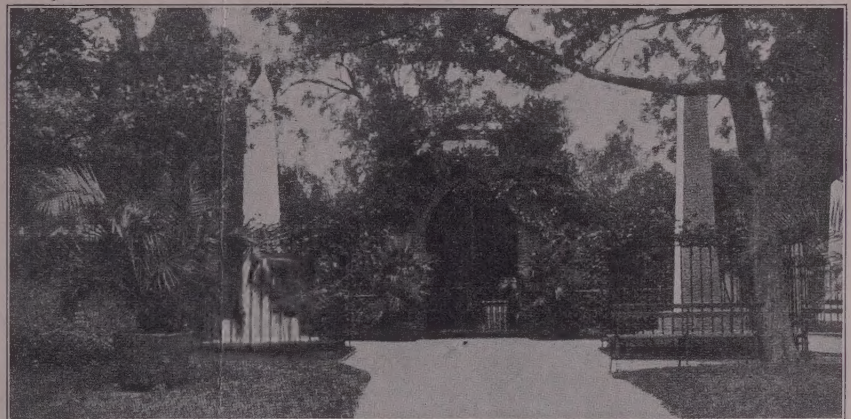
"What were the most precious treasures we found on Pine Island this afternoon?" asked Uncle Jack as he watched Phyllis and Paul add their offerings to the little tree.

"The doll," answered Phyllis promptly.

"The knife," answered Paul quickly.

"Not so," said Uncle Jack, "the most precious treasures were love and generosity. Get my meaning, kiddies?"

"Yes," said Phyllis and Paul in chorus, a happy light in their brown eyes.



THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON

Washington's Home at Mount Vernon

BY MAUDE GARDNER

(Concluded)

WHEN finally the right was gained in the glorious victory at Yorktown and out of the colonies the United States of America was formed, it was George Washington who was chosen to guide the new ship of state on its new perilous adventure. He would rather have remained at Mount Vernon, but it was another call to duty, and for two terms he served as President of the new-born nation, but when the people spoke of a third, he would not hear of it. Mount Vernon, his plantation home on the Potomac was calling loudly and insistently, and he longed for its peace and quiet. His absence from the place had only served to enhance his love for it. No other spot was ever quite so dear to him as Mount Vernon, a gift from his beloved dead, and the scene of many of the happiest events and memories of his life, but only three years were left to the great man to enjoy the rest and quiet and content of his much loved home. In his will he left specific directions that his body should find its last resting place on the grounds of Mount Vernon, and at the head of the path that leads from the boat landing, the tomb stands.

The back part of the brick structure extends into a bank and is closed by iron doors. Behind these are the bodies of several members of the Washington family, while the front part of the vault is closed by plain iron gates, through which any one may look to see the simple sarcophagus that holds the precious dust of the great American. At his left is the body of his wife. Both the sarcophagi are sealed and are intended never to be opened, nor are the vaults at the rear. Four times a year, however, the iron gates are opened by the authorities, and it is on these occasions that the wreaths and other offerings of flowers are deposited.

The love and veneration for the memory of Washington, which pervades almost every heart would cast a halo about the home and last resting place of our great national hero. The associations that cluster about this hallowed place endear it to the heart of every American; it is the first place visited by foreigners; the most interesting mansion in the United States and our greatest shrine of patriotism.

And this peaceful lovely spot is kept sacred and beautiful by an organization of women, who, seventy odd years ago, rescued it from ruin and the auctioneer's hammer and by intelligent devotion have preserved it for coming generations. Just



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of The Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

26 WHITING STREET,
PLYMOUTH, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck:—I take *The Beacon* and enjoy reading it. I go to the First Unitarian Church of Plymouth. Our minister is Rev. A. R. Hussey. I am ten years old and am in the sixth grade of the Mt. Pleasant School. We won a banner for the "Music Memory Contest." We have eight pupils in our class. I am writing in hopes that I can belong to the Club. I hope some girl of my age will write to me.

Sincerely,

ELIZABETH TRIPP.

OAKSIDE FARMS,
WALPOLE, N. H.

My Dear Miss Buck:—I am interested in the Beacon Club so would like to become a member

how Mount Vernon was saved for the nation has a romance all its own. On the death of General Washington in 1799, the historic place was willed to his nephew, Judge Bushrod Washington, who in turn willed it to his nephew, John Augustine Washington, and the last owner of the historic home of his ancestors, found himself unable to keep up the large estate. It was fast falling into ruin, the roof was leaking, the pilared portico was sagging, and there was no money available with which to repair it. At last in desperation Mr. Washington offered to sell the place to the United States government or the State of Virginia to be preserved and kept as a national shrine. But both these offers were declined.

The men would not save it but the women would! So thought a brave little woman in South Carolina, and from her sick bed, for Anne Pamela Cunningham was an invalid, she sent forth a strong appeal, addressed "To the Women of America," pleading for co-operation of her scheme for saving beloved Mount Vernon for the people of the nation. Enthusiasm was at once aroused, people became interested in the worthy project and before the year was out Anne Pamela Cunningham's dream was coming true, for the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association had been formed, with representatives from every state and by the end of 1858 the necessary amount of \$200,000.00 had been secured, and the famous home on the Potomac became the property of this band of courageous women, headed by the frail little woman in whose mind the plan had been conceived. And because of the courage and patriotic impulse of this wonderful woman, Mount Vernon has been preserved.

and wear its button. I look forward to the coming of *The Beacon* each Sunday, as I like to read its stories. We have a large Sunday school which forms the Junior Choir, as we all sing in the choir each Sunday. We are now planning to start a Junior Alliance to which every member of our Sunday School will belong.

Sincerely yours,

EVELYN CHRISTIAN.

95 WELLINGTON HILL STREET,
MATTAPAN, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck:—I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club. I have been reading *The Beacon* ever since I can remember. I am nine years old and attend the fourth grade of the Martha A. Baker School. I can run a typewriter and am typewriting this letter myself. I attend the Children's Church at 27 Marlborough Street, Boston. Since last October, when the School began, I have learned Psalm 19 and Isaiah 35 and I am now learning Psalm 90.

Very sincerely yours,

FREDERICK W. SANDS.

Church School News

At Meeting House Hill, Dorchester, under the direction of Rev. Lyman V. Rutledge, a very successful presentation of a nativity play, written by Mr. Rutledge, was given by children of the church school, immediately following the morning service on December 23d. The children had speaking parts and entered into the scenes they were giving with great spirit. Mr. Rutledge has kept the language of the play close to the vocabulary of childhood and has made incidents associated with the Bible story of the birth of Jesus very vivid and real. The text of this pageant and photographs illustrating the manner of its presentation have been given to the Department of Religious Education and may there be seen by those who are interested in such materials. The gifts of the schools were made this year to nine invalid children in the mission home at South Weymouth and two suitcases full of toys and gifts were sent to the Boston Home for Incurables. The teacher and the honor pupil of each class in the school were given a Sunday dinner together. This year about thirty were present at this dinner. On Christmas Eve, the young people of the church sang carols all over the Hill, where, as well as on Beacon Hill in Boston, the windows are illuminated with candles. At the Christmas party on the Saturday following Christmas Day, 27 children from the North End Union in Boston were the guests of the church school and gave a little play as their part of the program. There were also guests from the Perkins Institute for the Blind and the boys' club of Meeting House Hill church school gave a dramatic presentation of some of the Mother Goose rhymes. On the Friday evening, a social event especially for the young people was given by the church school.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XL.

I am composed of 33 letters and am a sentence from Proverbs.

- My 4, 6, 8, is a grain.
- My 2, 13, 15, 16, is an insect.
- My 11, 7, 27, 26, 24, is the subject of an address.
- My 28, 29, 30, 33, are used in games.
- My 17, 19, 21, 20, is a precious metal.
- My 23, 22, 12, is a young goat.
- My 32, 31, 32, 14, is a number.
- My 2, 1, 5, 10, 6, is to wed.
- My 18, 25, 10, propels a boat.
- My 7, 9, 5, 3, is another name for a rabbit.

J. A. M.

ENIGMA XLI.

I am composed of 14 letters and am the name of a Unitarian organization.

- My 8, 10, 5, 12, is a wild animal.
- My 1, 2, 3, 14, is a month of the year.
- My 13, 14, 9, 8, 11, 6, is under a building.
- My 3, 7, 4, 9, is used in building.

E. A. Y.

WHAT AM I?

Sometimes I'm as soft as velvet,
But the hidden points beware!
Playful, cunning, swift as lightning.
Pretty? Yes, though nothing rare.

I'm a light breeze, sailors say, or
In a rope a certain turn.
I'm a dupe that does your bidding,—
Your own hands you need not burn!

THE WELLSPRING.

DECAPITATIONS

1. Behead a filmy fabric, leave an expert aviator.
2. Behead solitary, and leave a numeral.
3. Behead an animal's home, and leave mien.
4. Behead placed, and leave assistance.
5. Behead a rough fellow, and leave not in.
6. Behead a shelf, and leave a border.
7. Behead reluctant, and leave a solemn pledge.
8. Behead a bird, and leave a boat.

The letter decapitated is the same in each case.

THE PORTAL.

PI

A zansat morf Gellnofowl
Epkas luf lwe ln laggwane taquni dan donel,
Eon how heeltiwd yb het staldec Nireh,
Nhew eh elclad het swolfer, os ulbe dan legdon,
Tatss, taht no heart's trminifane od hisen.

Scattered Seeds.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 19

ENIGMA XXXVI.—The Sheridan Road Mystery.
ENIGMA XXXVIII.—Observation is the best teacher.

WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE OF THE BIBLE.—1. David.
2. Moses. 3. Jesus. 4. Elijah. 5. Paul. 6. Esther. 7. Solomon. 8. Daniel. 9. Elisha. 10. Ruth. 11. Saul. 12. Joseph. 13. Naomi. 14. Samuel.

TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Diary, dairy. 2. Taxes, Texas. 3. Veto, vote. 4. Mabel, blame. 5. Ferdinand, and friend. 6. Mary and Myra, army.

PARTS OF A FORD CAR.—1. Crank. 2. Shield. 3. Guard. 4. Tire. 5. Axle (axle). 6. Spring. 7. Nuts. 8. Hood. 9. Washers. 10. Tube. 11. Gas. 12. Switch.

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR.

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